

The Devil's Argument

By Tom Esterbrook

Death beckons

(=>space between stanzas)

and whispers slyly

In our ears "~~Come~~"

"Come
"Lie down

"And softly

"Sleep."

> So easy now this slumber

~~Soft~~ DEEP

so quiet now the pressures of
a life.

> "Come sleep"

Says death

"And
I give up the strife and striving
And lie down.

> "Then nevermore

"The tiredness to weep

"Not once again."

> Ah death what treachery
Thou hast

To lie so ^{softly} ~~slightly~~ to
Our weariness.

For hell itself is gained
By giving up.

> Each backward step
- But takes us nearer to
A brink of Fierce Endure
And each back pace
we make

~~Is~~ Is but a stride we'll
have to take
~~Against~~ Against the tide again.

> How glad
How easy now to purr
"Death is but sleep
Lie down and rise no
more."

> For death and sleep alike
But slide us down a ^{grade} ~~hill~~
That we
~~We~~ Must climb if we
Would then be free.

> What humor it must be
to death

When we ~~find~~ find out we have
but lost

Another mile

We must

Make back

~~###~~ And when we find
From of the pier
the weariness of ~~the~~
a ~~new~~ new life of ~~the~~
Unrecompensed

With friends or what
We learned the last.

"Give up!"

Thus speak the traitors of
Our lives.

"Grow tired, old and

"Die!"

Death
saves nothing
but our joy

"And be no menace to us

"How whose life

"you threaten with

"your breath."

7
A placid far
And unreached day
'T would be when I
Laid back and let
The song of death
Bequeath me tortured
Miles
I must face up again.
~~I must climb back.~~

7
I live. Death
And Death?
Thought ~~the~~ ~~idea~~ die!
~~Why, let it all!~~
End